IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Where Christmastide Is Observed and Universally Appreciated.

TYPICAL GAMES AND SPORTS.

Turkey Walking, Reef Shooting, and For Hunting Necessary Adjuncts of the Holiday Season,

(New York Herald.)

There is so much Christmas down South that to treat it adequately it must be sed-that is to say, it is only by tures in detail that one can give the effect of the whole. Before getting about descendants have spread over the face of the country south of Mason and

There's no such thing as real Christas now," sigh elder folk, white and black, whose memories run back to the gay, good days of slavery. Then, in truth, it was a two-weeks' Saturnalia. No master who respected himself or hoped to keep the respect of his neighbors ned of asking his black people to do in the month of December than kill ogs and get up a big Christmas wood-

When the hauling was finished a dozen axes flew, chopping it in lengths for the big-throated, open fireplaces. By and by there was a procession of stout fellows with a log or a turn of small sticks on the shoulder, setting up great piles of firewood beside all the doors. After every exit to the great house was duly surrounded, the back piazzas filled and chips backed high in the saddle-room, great banked high in the saddle-room, great batcks and small began to be heaped at the cabin doors. By the time they were all fully furnished the mountain of a woodpile was sensibly smaller, of a woodpile was sensibly smaller, though far from exhausted. Usually this came to pass about midday of December

furposable to credit how warm and close was the tie between master and clave. This, of course, where the masters were, as was in the case with ninety-nine in the hundred full of kindly consideration to ed, full of kindly consideration for their black people. The few cruel ty-rants who disgraced the name and brought discredit upon the kindlest class

by their neighbors.

Naturally, then, to the mass of slaves their masters' concerns were as much of interest and pride as they The shrewdest match making mamma was not quicker to deman visitor. Where there were tadies in the great house young-man visitor was mighty ful about Christmas time. He ame from far and near-often cross three counties. He rode a igh-stepping horse, and was nice in the natter of equipage. Often he brought long his own black boy, likewise lging saddle bags, stuffed with his For the young man to stay at least the week-most the fortnight, unless he "got the from the object of his affections,

their own account. No time like istmas for a trip back to old Marster's, and so lived, maybe, twenty Duly mounted, tricked out est, with all sorts of queer carpet-bag, fat to bursting, swung at horn of the saddle, Black Daddy and the tourney's end were as welcome to

IN HOUSE AND KITCHEN. Nightfall brought swarms of visitors, oth to house and kitchen. Very often the night. The dancing lasted maybe to l o'clock; after that there was singing to the accompaniment of a gourd banjo, with, a little later, tale-telling in the

hight of the waning fire.

The pious among the slaves sang and prayed the night through. But their piety did not take the form of a prohibit. bition rentiment. With a psalm yet hot in the mouth they were as ready as their fellows to troop up to the great house at daylight and drink their share of Christmas eggnog. Small blame to them either, since the egging of those days was a mighty seductive thing to any who had a nice taste in drinks. To make it, eggs as fresh as possible

broken, the yolk separated from the gar fresh from a Louisiana plantation ereamy froth, the whites were stirred lightly in along with a dash of grated nutmeg and a little French brandy. After a minute of tossing together, one person poured in whiskey while another stirred the compound. Gurgle! whish! whip! was all you heard for three minutes—then the big bowl mantled over with a drink fit for the gods. If you had suggested putting in milk to one of those old-lime exence makers you would have certainly written yourself down as lacking in the knowledge most essential to a gentleman.

"Ah, me! They are dead, those fine, old gentlemen—and their epoch with them. liere or there one lingers sighing with Falstaff: inate of tossing together, one person red in whiskey while another stirred compound. Gurgle! whish! whip! was you heard for three minutes—then the bowl mantled over with a drink fit the gods. If you had suggested put in milk to one of those old-line one makers you would have certainly ten yourself down as lacking in the wledge most essential to a gentlemanth, me! They are dead, those fine, gentlemen—and their epoch with them re or there one lingers sighing with staff:

There live not three good men unged in England—and one of them was fat and old."

The side table deserves a separate paragraph. The church or the school-house is usually a big square log structure, with tiny windows, a door at one end, and a sig, victous stove somewhere near the other. Ordinarily unpainted wooden benches, sometimes backless, fill the floor space. For the featival, a few are rangel primly about the wall, the others set

rows fat and old."
Their race survives—the New South is s vigorous, if not so picturesque, as

ecklessly one with another, but in half vanish again up a darkish stair to s. bare room, where they find bot-glasses, and the best of old whiskey. proprietor may sell what stuff he ses. Woe to him financially, though, pleases. We to him financially, though, if the liquor he keeps for treating be not of the best. Ordinarily he would drink with them. To-day he has no time for such courtesy. Aiready he has no time for such courtesy. Aiready he has no bought eggs enough to overrun three big wash-tubs, and butter enough to fill a hogshead. Piles of dried fruit, too—apples, peaches, blackberries, cherries—to ful and wonderful effects. Tiny flags, say nothing of scaly barks, chestnuts,

is none, but that matters nothing. The good woman is so overlaid with bags and parcels you can barely see her to the shoulders. She rides upon a meal-sack with a jug in each end. It is slung across her saddle, just underneath a big roll of home-made liney. In her lap she carries another roll of country jeans, and slung at the pommel a big calleo reticule, crammed to bursting with home-knit yarn socks.

reticule, crammed to bursting with homeknit yarn socks.

Few women of the better class come
to town upon such days. They have,
though, a lively and personal interest in
the Christmas market, the Christmas
chaffering. For the thrifty among them
send in wagon loads of poultry, tierces of
lard, hams, honey, vinegar, potatoes—
sweet and Irish—apples, cabbage, beans,
field peas, besides butter and eggs that
quite put out of countenance the darkles'
offerings. These things and many more
are sold by husband or brother or father—
often for much less than they would fetch them it may be well to say that this love of Christmas and the strenuous observance of it come straight from those English folk, gentle and simple, who first peopled Virginia and the Carolinas, and the carolinas and the strenuous observance of the company of the towns do shipping facilities admit of sending such freight to a bigger market such as the company of the towns do shipping facilities admit of the towns do sh it is impossible sometimes to give away what has come in late.

THE "EXTRY CRAP." It is a sight to see a darky fetch in the extra crop. Often he has but two or three hundred pounds, so he feels that it would be rank extravagance to pay toll for a wagon, when his slide goes free at bridge and toll-bar. The slide is home bridge and toll-bar. The slide is nome-made, an exaggerated rough sled, with standards at the sides. Sometimes a mule is the motive power, sometimes a yoke of oxen, or even a single one. The driver walks beside it, with often his whole family trooping in his wake, "gwine ter see de crap sole," and take a hand in greadling what it, fetches

spending what it fetches.

The driver is a stout lad, blacker than darkness, with garments patched to the degree that you cannot imagine them holddegree that you cannot imagine them noise ing one patch more. He has the rope line about his wrist, and "gee-haw's" and "hup up dar's" in the most approved teamster fashion, yet the mule he drives pays not the smallest heed to him. Instead, she picks her way to suit herself, now and then glancing out of the tail of her eys at her owner, who walks on the

you hear me?" he says to his wife, who trudges at his clow. "Dest look at 'er now! Ain't none 'er dem big wagin teams gwine crowd her outen de smoove road."
"Nance er good critter. I d'know whut
us would do 'dout 'er," the woman says. with something like a sigh. Indeed, she does care for Nance, next to her children; but to-day it hurts to see her draw a burden so light. But last summer was so dry-she gets no farther on her thought. Already she is painfully con-scious of how little the 'extry crap' will bring-and there are so many needs to

supply with it.

Poor mother! Who shall blame her if,
when she stands jingling the scant coins
in her hand, she forgets all about the necessaries, and makes a wild leap into the unnecessaries? She has so little; she wants so much! Contrive as she might, she could not get a garment aplece for her flock. What wonder if she leaves them to happy rags and tatters, buying for to happy rags and tatters, buying for one a top, another a red, thi trumpet, a third, a horse on wheels, a fourth and fifth, dolls and strings of beads; and for all fire-crackers a-plenty, and candy out-vying the rainbow. The big lad who drove had powder and shot for his gun; the mother takes her own share in a pair of red, worsted wristlets, and sugar for Christmas cake Flour butter, eggs, and Christmas cake, Flour, butter, eggs, and meat she has already planned to get from the planter's wife.

DAY AND NIGHT. All day long, and up to almost midnight, the bargaining and chaffering goes on. The bigger buyers make an end of purchasing, and are away by sundown at the latest. But the lower mass, to whom this day is a glimpse of fairyland, lingers, swaying hither and yon, laughing, gossip-ing, calling one to another, until the doors shut in its face. Nobody thinks of sleeping Christman

night, save a few of the quieter white folk. All along the highway there is a constant fusiliade. Guns, pistols, fire-crackers keep up a lively racket. By mid-night or a little later every blacksmithshop resounds with the boom of its anvil, crammed with fine, fat birds. Then, as charged with powder, and touched on the young fellows straggle in, he expawith a string fuse. Every plantation and tiates upon their plumpness. Before long almost every farm has its Christmas gun to answer the Christmas cock-crow. It is "Oh, I say, fellows! Let's have er turof gunpowder is plugged tight, and ex-ploded with a greasy twine, fired at least ten yards oif. But the noise of it is like a pretty respectable field-piece—and noise is the thing when it comes to Christmas fun. Here or there an intrusive person who wants to put on frills touches off a

Oddly, for all its Christmasing, the habit of commercial gift-making has small root in the South. That is to say, the holday's approach does not make it necessary for you to go and bankrupt yourself buying for other people the things they would rather not have in order to escap being shamed when they bring you equally unwelcome gifts. This, of course, outside the cities, which have everywhere a habit of grinding humanity to their own dead level.

CHRISTMAS-TREE AND "FESTIBUL." Among the darkies the habit of making gift for gift has got a foothold it has not attained among the whites. Every church of note, and nearly every school, has a Christmas-tree and festival—and he or Christmas-tree and festival—and he or she is indeed miserable who does not get at least one gift from the laden boughs. Consequently, there are all sorts of reci-procity treaties—not understood, as is the habit of folk higher in social scale, but

the old.

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAN.

"Christmas money" is an essential of the season. Everybody goes to town, as much to make as to spend it. By contequence the sleepy small cittes wake up to almost metropolitan liveliness for the two or three days preceding the holiday. Fro eee the whole life of the region it is only necessary to stand the day through upon a frequented screet corner and look at what nasses under the eye. Watch on a frequented sareet corner and look what passes under the eye. Watch at group of good fellows rushing down to street. For the most part they are it, with hale, ruddy faces, and alert es. They have on overcoats, a triffe passe for wear, and trousers of heavy are planters on a small scale, and und all for the factor who is to handle the cornered space behind. Later, "Brudder Paschure" himself will take a hand at selling—not so much from Cristian comity and the self crists and for the factor who is to handle the cornered space behind. Later cornered space behind. Later are planters on a small scale, and the selfing—not so much from Cristian comity and wish to share the deacons' labors as the crists and the later receipts, which are always the heavier, are not crops, and from whom they hope to which are always the heavier, are not a advance of cash necessary to the diverted from their legitimate destina-

The tree itself is a young pine or cedar, bt. Those are the unlucky ones who already drawn on their crops. Some says: "Come on; let's have a drink ore we tackle them fellows at the rehouse." Instantly the throng dives ough a convenient door, not into a boon, but a grocery store, where a little or much of their money is to be spent. there is the most amicable understanding betwixt the different schools and churches. Each is anxious to have a crowd, so is at all possible pains not to conflict in its choice of a night with the neighboring

schools or congregations.

Sometimes good fellowship goes even further, and decorations from an early tree are lent to bedizen a later one. Some ples, peaches, blackberries, cherries—to say nothing of scaly barks, chestnuts, walnuts, hazelnuts, and big-river hickory nuts. He has bought, too, scattering lots of ginseng along with the nuts. Once upon a time the 'seng diggers were low whites. Now the darkies have taken up the pursuit in all the river regions, though in the mountains it remains still in the hands of what they call "white trash."

SENG DIGGERS.

By and by other 'seng diggers will come in, bring along with their bugs of root bunches of peltry—coon skins, and mink and muskrat and rabbit. They will bring, too, strings of rabbits, and squirreis, and rough cages full of live quall, which they call "pat'idges." The men are tall and lean and swarthy, with long, unkempt beards straggling down over their homespua breasts. The lads lurching at their eibows are, for the most part, barefoot, and such creatures

The way of decoration there are some fearful and wonderful effects. Tiny flags, the relics of hot campaigns; old sash ribbons, bedragged red plumes, battered Chinese lanterns, and snippets of red fannel are among the things that help to make gay this wonderful tree. Of course there is the usual festooned popeor, the single kerne's stuck on with plus, and shreds and tatters of store-bought tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and big raisin clusters. Tapers are beyond the complex complex tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and big raisin clusters. Tapers are beyond the complex tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and big raisin clusters. Tapers are beyond the complex tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and big raisin clusters. Tapers are beyond the complex tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and big raisin clusters. Tapers are beyond the complex tiles and staters of store-bought tinsel, to say nothing of red apples, candy apples, oranges, lemons, and the custom of the complex tiles and s

Santa Claus so far as relates to taking things from the tree. You see, he must read aloud the names on them, though as a matter of cold fact it is wholly unnecessary. Everybody has known for a week what everybody else meant to give and get. As the names are read two or three of the more muscular young fellows snatch them from the reader and hustle away to where the recipient stands wedged in the throng. Doorand windows are wide open, yet the heat and stench are overpowering. Outside, gazing through the windows, or over the crossed arms of the two burly doorkeepers, stand the unfortunates who have bankrupted themselves in town, or by ill hap have not got hold of the necessary nickel. They wait with patience, seeing and hearing by snatches the glories their luckler fellows make a part of. By and by, when the tree, in which they have no part or lot, is stripped of its many manner of fruit, they know that they can dodge inside and get a share of the marching—and, after all, marching is the real end of the festival.

It does not begin until well on to li o'clock. The babel has not died away, but a big fellow stands very straight in the middle of the floor, shouting aloud: "March! March! Gentlemuns! Ladies! Who gwine march wid me?"

At his words the throng somewhat

"March! March! Gentlemuns! Ladies!
Who gwine march wid me?"
At his words the throng somewhat
parts and packs until there is a roundish,
clear space about him. He stands with
arms half akimbo, his feet set solidly on
the floor, his eye ranging the huddled
women's faces. The younger ones giggle
and cry out, pushing one another in a
feint of sending some one to the caller's
side. Each is burning to be chosen, but
nobody wants to seem so indelicate as side. Each is burning to be chosen, but nobody wants to seem so indelicate as to make individual a general invitation to march. While they waver it is again proved that she who hesitates is lost. Aunt 'Riah Winston, who is tall and stout, and 50, if she is a day, has taken her ponderous stand at the man's elbow, and says with a little disdainful snift: "'Pear lek ter me, y'all young gals aint got de sense you oughter been borned wid. Let anybody stan' an' baig an baig fer pardner, lek dat, aint whut you done come yere fer ter be." "Come 'long—de res' er y'all," the man shouts impatiently. "Me an' Aun' 'Riah, us kin set you de fine step."

us kin set you de fine step."
"Don' you cross yo' laigs, Tom Saily,"
Aunt 'Riah admonishes, "case ef you
does, I sho' is gwine set down an' lef
you by yo'se'f. Dat whut make de diff'unce in marchin', an' dat dar dainein
us uster do when us all wus sinnersstill in de caul er bitterness, an' de gobs still in de caul er bitterness, an de gobs of iniquity. I not gwine ter lose my 'ligion fer none er yo' festibuls."

Slowly, solemnly, timed by a droning chant that might befit a death dance. Tom and Aunt 'Riah make almost the round of the floor before a foot stirs to follow them. The others are measuring the pace. In two breaths they catch it, and are off after the leaders. The chant is wordless—a sort of wild undulation, running into minors, then shrilling up to keen, piercing blasts of sound.

Momentarily it quickens. Fast, faster faster fly the feet. Now to the watching eye the march is a phantasmagorial procession, ever hasting, never resting. Now and again a pair drop out, hasten to the side table, and gulp down big glasses of lemonade or cider or ginger ber. Then, if his pocket permits, the man buys some-thing edible, which the two of them devour as they sit upon one of the benche outside. When the last crumb has disap change of partners in such interludes.

The march itself never halts. It is broad daylight—quite 7 o'clock in the morning—before the assembly breaks. It's component parts stream home to bed, sleep un-

til noon, then get up and go hunting or to a quilting, or to the cross-roads store for a bit of fine gossip. TURKEY WALKING. Though not peculiar to the holiday time the turkey walk is one of its favorite sports. Sometimes the participants white; sometimes, though more rarely black. In exceptional cases a black fel low is asked to join the game with the whites, whom he has known familiarly all his life, and toward whom he cherishes have more than they care to eat are put to it as to how they shall profitably dis-pose of them. The storekeeper agrees to take them in trade, and soon has a coop

are of the simplest-merely settling where the stake shall stand and driving it firm the stake shall stand and driving it in a in earth; then deciding upon what the entrance money shall be.
"Dime entrance when ye walk fer hens; fifteen for gobblers," the leader of the sport at last announces. "Git er blind rag, somebody; that yonder ole sun is beginnin' ter nod."

PRELIMINARIES

PRELIMINARIES. A big handkerchief is routed out. The best whittler among them is chipping away for life at a lot of pegs. The stake stands twenty yards from the starting mark. As many starters as will make up in entrance money a fair price for the fowl are to be blindfolded and walk as near to the stake as their sense of direction will lead them. Each steps twenty yards, then sticks his peg in earth where he halts. He who come nearest the mark is declared winner of

the bird.
"Draw straws for first go," the leader says, nodding toward the storckeeper, who has the straws already in hand. The five who are to walk for the plump The five who are to walk for the plump hen fluttering in the grasp of an enthusiastic bystander snatch at their lots, note the length of them, then line up beside the mark, waiting for the start. The walker, after his eyes are blinded, is turned three times around, then bldden to go straight to the stake. When he starts exactly away from it a laughing shout warns him of his mistake. Listening, he grows more than ever Listening, he grows more than ever confused. All sense of direction leaves him, he turns at right angles to his first course, and at last sticks his peg nearly the whole twenty steps away from the stake.

the whole twenty steps away from the stake.

The walk goes on till a dozen birds are won. Then there is a cry for black Simon, known the countrys'de through as the best hand at a turkey supper. He gathers up the fluttering prizes and bears them off in triumph, About midnight, by help and grace of Aunt Dinah, his wife, he will serve them to a bachelor company, roasted to a turn, brown, tender, julcy, bursting with savory stuffing, and flanked by such light, sweet hot biscult, such steaming, fragrant coffee, that in the face of them gluttony becomes both a duty and a virtue.

BEEF-SHOOTING.

There are other Christmas hazards, fa-

There are other Christmas hazards, fa-There are other Christmas hazards, fa-vorites from time immemorial. Shooting for beef is one of them. In essence, it is a raffle, where the tickets are rifle-bul-lets, the element of chance, or rather the determining factor, the marksman's skill, or lack of it. The beef, still on foot, is appraised by his owner at such a sum. The amount is portioned in chances, of which each takes as many as pleases him. Each chance means so many shoet at the target. He who first plumps the at the target. He who first plumps the centre takes any of the "five choices," which are hind quarters, fore quarters,

hile, and tallow.

The store or the blacksmith's shop to usually the scene of it. For target there is a bare board, chalked in circles about the built's egc. Sometimes blass balls and shotguns come into play, but the better sort of marksmen hold strictly to the old way, shooting with the rifle, either off hand, at fifty yards, or from a rest at 100. Often enthusiasts spend a whole long afternoon burning powder a single carcass. The first winner over a single carcass. The first winner may put his prize up to be shot for again. In fact, irate wives have been known to affirm that their husbands wasted more ammunition over a lean, long-borned steer than the creature was worth twice over.

FOX-HUNTING. FOX-HUNTING.

A Christmas fox-hunt differs from other fox-hunts mainly in the fact that the huntsmen have been at great pains to make certain of a quarry and greater to assure themselves that the quarry shall be one which can run long and well—that is to say, a red fox. The creature is not too pientiful, but all the fall hunters and trappers have been alert to secure one alive and unharmed. Once caught, the animal has been put in a cage big enough to allow pienty of exercise, carefully fed and tended, so as to have him in prime condition. Then along toward the last of Christmas week word goes about that he is to be turned loose upon some famous course—and all good men and dogs are welcome to come and follow him.

him.

At least half the farmers keep hounds, in numbers from two to twenty. The master of a score is said to have a pack. Sporadic dogs are all very well, but they Sporadic dogs are all very well, but they add nothing like the consequence to their possessor which appertains to him who owns the greater number.

Often fifty horsemen and a hundred dogs start after a fox as soon as he has got a hundred yards from the cage. A yelling, scrambling huddle it is, Horses

That is the counting far-away kinship to the fine fangy pagks. They are lean as latis—not with the leanness of hunger, but of perfect condition.

Are as wild to be off as dogs or men. As the page are as wild to be off as dogs or men. As dogs giving tongue in the wildest fashion. A few of the eager youngstors ride so hard their horses almost treat on the dogs tails. The older harders know better. Chasing a red fog is work for all day—cometimes all night as well. One has been known to lead-the hunt across three counties, running to death the stanchest and best dogs of the pagk. The dogs themselves are of the black-and-tan or blue-mottled strain. Here and there among them you see one with liver spots or lemon, denoting far-away kinship to the fine fangy pagks. They are lean as latis—not with the leanness of hunger, but of perfect condition.

Men for the ceiling of the central half-way, just over the line of heads. The place is brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers. The company is ushered in with dowers, the common blind, own, fiven a long rod, and told to strike the far, one sta time. Easier said than done, for the thin, fall porcelain swings on its ribbons as the room shakes with its ribbons as the room shakes with the blinded efforts of the young Mexicans. Quite an hour is frequently passed before some hand deals the blow that shatters the oyah jar into bits and the gifts fall rolling over the floor. Then comes a scramble for presents. There is one for each, but its appropriateness depends on the swiftness of its owner.

Men for the celling of the central half-way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the line of heads. The chad, The way, just over the li

Most of the horses are fine and sleek, with tapering-tauxies and erect, slender ears, to proclaim at the least a cross or two of blood. They are wiry, well-bitted, and broken to the saddle gaits. Bridles have for the mast part snaffle-bits. The saddles are so high in the peak as to show the influence of the Texan model, and the riders themselves sit, easily, swaying entirely at one with the creatures they bestride. Nowhere else in the world is there so excellent a type of road riding, nor one that, in my poor judgment, so well bethat, in my poor judgment, so well be-

that, in my poor judgment, so well becomes the park parade.

Though they are out for a holiday,
these riders have no holiday look, or
at least have the look only in their faces,
they have not breath enough for full
smutched out of all smartness. It is
well understood, you see, that Pug will
lead them through brush and brake and brier; that there are fine chances of getting mired in the swamp, or being pitched headlong into a lurking mudhole. The hounds are running so fast they have not breath enough for full cry. On they dash, Riley's big blue Rattler leading, with Lady at his ear. They have swept through the second field. Pug has not lost his prescience. He is heading for the big creek, five miles away. Its bluffs abound in crannied caves, running and winding so deep in the earth that if once he gains them he is safe from all pursuit.

To reach them he must cross long breadths of open. Now the chase has crashed over another fence into a wheatfield. The young grain shows a faint-green veil over the codden earth, in which the horses sink fetlock deep. No wonder the pace begins to tell. Uncle Jack Johnson, free man of color, who came out with the rest, boasting, "Jack he gwine stay yere long as de's dawg ter run," has already thought better of it, run scarce half an hour. The run has been a scorcher—their sappy muscles and puppy fat cannot endure it. But Rattler and Lady, and Music, the giant of black and tans, keep at it as though they had

Take it for all and all, there is no molety of these United States.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

of Some American Hearts. (Correspondence of the Dispatch.) NEW YORK, December 15,-"All my holly and mistletoe are imported from England," announces one of New York's eminent florists. When asked why, h said: It sells better and at higher English holly picked from his now ready assortment. What the outcome of the contest will be the public will probably never know, but the fact is palpable that the foreign decorations are selling rapid

ports the holly for her Christmas dinner table, and so does Mrs, Bradley Marti both of the English productions from their relatives, who live there, and it is rumor-

them. It is different with the mistletoe The domestic product does not approach ormer abounds, the berries are small and

fruit is more scattered. Therefore, one can forgive the "Englishism" that reaches to mistletoe, though it comes very high, not only in growth, but price, the New York florist receiving \$15 and \$20 for one ball This would probably strike a southerner as rificulous, when it is remembered how the ceiling can fairly be festioned with it, all for the hire, at 25 cents a day, of two little negroes, who remain to "tack" it up, and afterwards partake of the din-

table throws back the points of light, and the table decorations will be lowls of white roses and holly. This is one of the happiest plans I have gathered.

RUSHING THE SEASON. Easter liles are to be used by some. This is somewhat "rushing" the season, as the use of helly at Thanksgiving was, but the flowers have been forced by the florists, and many are being bought. The churches are not inclined to this plan, as they feel the distinctive association of the liles with the Resurrection-Day. In point of fact, church decoration in its expensive and elaborate sense is going out. Not from a lack of love or generosity, but a broader feeling of charity. The poor of New York are in too serious a condition, think Christian folk, to justify spending broaders of follows your feet of the control of the control

the money into bread for the hungry ones of the East Side. The two most prominent florists here have given up all church orders, arguing that the demand doesn't pay for the time. But the florists are better able to stand the loss than the poor.

The chancels will be twined in simple fashion with smilax; ferns will be placed for the day about the altar, and white roses ornament the pulpit. All churches, no matter how fashionable or wealthy, say the decoration will end there.

H. HALLMARK.

A Christmas Carol.

Dark are the days, the nights are long:
Blithe summer's joys are done,
Yet in our hearts we keep the sun
And raise a cheerful song,
Bare is the world, or deep in snow, Yet are our souls aglow; What spell is this, what still mysterious That calls: "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

It is, that on the weary earth With every dying year.

A great hope dawns, a glorious birth
Returns our souls to cheer.
Again, again, the Eternai Child,
The Virgin Mother mild,
Ring joy-bells, clear through the frosty
air: Ring giadness everywhere,

Sound, gracious as that heavenly word
Of old, in Bethlehem;
By night of wandaring shepherds heard,
When angels spake with them.
"Peace, peace on earth to faithful men,"
This be our strain, as then;
To-day, to-day, let all rejoice indeed,
Whate'er their form of creed.

Peace be, and joy. Ay, though it seem
To world-worn eyes and ears
Across dark guits of strife and tears,
Only a heavenly dream.
Divine, divine, our souls shall hold
Those precious words of old;
Good-will and peace to men—the halt, th
blind,
The poor, may, all mankind.

Therefore we raise our cheerful song,
A strain of solemn mirth;
Our hope is clear, our faith is strong
In a regenerate earth,
No doubt shall come our eyes to dim,
Or check our faithful voice;
To peace on earth, we raise our Christn
hymn,
Whose burden is: "Rejoice."

Your country cousin thinks it only right that he should make you a visit and disgrace you before all your friends just because last summes you agent a week on his farm and helped him harvest his crops.

of Silk for Handling Hot Chestnuts. (Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, December 15 .- There is othing newadays more in demand for receptions than a mousse, chocolate, or

Served in dainty gold-fluted cups, such as Mrs. Rockefeller owns, it is nectar for the gods, appealing both to taste and sight.

Here is the recipe: Whip a quart of cream, draining it web; scrape fine an ounce of chocolate and put into a small frying-pan with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of boiling water; stir it over a hot fire until it is smooth and glossy-that is, about five minutes; then add a scant cupful of sugar and the whipped cream. Stir gently until the ingredients are well mixed. Turn the whole into a three-quart mould, which has been packed in ice and salt; throw a bit of carpet over the tub and set it away in a cool place for four hours, when it is ready to be turned out. It must not be stirred. About fifteen pounds of ice will be necessary to freeze it.

In whipping the cream, it must be done with short, light strokes, whether a whisk or a churn is employed, and the cream, after being whipped, must be well drained over a sieve, for if any liquid remains the mouses will not have a fine, soft appearance. The dish which holds the cream you are whipping must be placed in another which has cracked ice in it. The cream will then froth more easily and quickly. To make a coffee or cafe mousse, add

to the whipped cream a cup of strong coffee, sweetened. Half a pint of cream, whipped; a quarter of a cup of coffee, and sugar, makes a cafe mousse sufficient for four people, and costs not over 29 cents.

A MARRON-PARTY.

The French have a pretty way of serving reast-chestnuts, which Mrs. Cornellus Vanderbilt will introduce at a oung-folks' party during the holidays. A with a small silver knife, and thus eat

The season of sugar and spice and all things nice, including mince-ples and publings, is at hand. A recipe for a date-

flour and brown sugar (Porto Rico), one pound of dates, and a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, Chop the suct very fine, stone, and cut up the dates, and mix all the ingredients well together, moistening with as little water as possible, Boll four hours in a buttered

A TEN CENT CHRISTMAS. A Chean But Jolly Festival for the Nursery at Yule-Tide.

(Written for the Dispatch.) (Written for the Dispatch.)

Many fond papas and mammas will be forced to pass by the \$6 counters of castiron toys and French dolls this Christmas as times continue "so hard."

made jubilant at the Tune-time and the a success. H. II. ten-cent counters offer a tempting array of economics for the little ones. There one can purchase a dozen sing marbles for one cent. Five dozen marbles in a bag will appeal to the little boy not yet old enough to understand "alleys" and "agates"; and five dozen cost but five

cents.

A box of water colors, with six cakes of paint, a brush, and two dishes, furnishes a tremendous amount of amusements for five cents. Then there is a top, a whistle, a jumping rope, and a diminu-tive drum for the 3-year-old, varying in price from one penny to ten. Also, remember the sheets of paper Also, remember the sheets of paper dolls with dresses to cut out, and printed paper doll furniture, supplying an endless lot of ten-cent fun with the scissors. Toy books may be bought for two, three, and five cents. A tiny set of dishes for girls costs a dime, and a box of colored crayons containing six pencils, blue, yel-low, green, orange, red, and purple, only

comes to ene fickel.
Soap-bubble pipes (two for a penny)
may be made very acceptable if accompanied by three of four bottles of
colored water for the making of tinted
hubbles.

from a linck of love or generosity, but a broader feeling of charity. The poor of New York are in too serious a condition, think Christian folk, to justify spending hundreds of dollars upon flowers alone. Therefore, the contribution goes as a Christmas gift to the organized societies. One florist told me that where Grace church's order for decoration and formerly been from \$500 to \$700, it was restricted this year to \$200.

Even those who would send handsome flowers are requested by the pastor to put the money into bread for the hungry ones of the East Side. The two most prominent florists here have given up all church orders, arguing that the demand doesn't numerous varieties of printed calico doll to be cut out and stuffed and dressed in

as the youngsters ought to cat, and the children seem to prefer pepperment stick candy to French bonbons for some exreilent infantile reason.

MARY MAXWELL.

A MEXICAN CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

Traditional Observances That Associate Themselves With the Day in the U. S. (Written for the Dispatch.)

America is not rich in feast-day cur

toms. There are few traditional observ ances that associate themselves wit Christmas in the United States. Therefore those who have guests on their hands and wish to be original this year are looking up festivals of other climes. Two social entertainers who purport giving large Christmas-night parties, met lately over a 5 o'clock cur of tea. They formed themselves into a committee of ways and means to astonish their guests with unique foreign observances.

"Now, you have travelled so extensively," said one, "be generous enough to remember something lateresting for me to have. Oh! I have it," sne eagerly added. "Plucky little Japan is in vogue

to have. Oh! I have it," sne eagerly added. "Pincky little Japan is in vogue now. You have been there. Tell me some of their Christmas rites?"

"Christmas in a heathen country?" laughed the traveller.

"Oh, dear!" said the other, "I had forgotien that. How stupid of them not to keep the 25th. They are such artistic creatures I am sure they would have done something lovely. I suppose it wouldn't do to adopt any of their customs in memory of idols, would it?"

"Well, that might prove rather too unique," was the answer.

However fruitiess the land of the lantern proved of appropriate ideas for American adoption, the traveller remembered for the benefit of her friend a Mexican coremony that was instantly accepted. I shall disclose their pian, for other women in other cities may make brilliant use of it.

The Mexicans gayly decorate a large water jar, which they musically call oyah. This they fill with the Christmas gifts and suspend by bright colored rib-

quite an hour is frequently passed before some hand deals the blow that shatters the oyah jar into bits and the gifts fall rolling over the floor. Then comes a scramble for presents. There is one for each, but its appropriateness depends on the swiftness of its owner. That is the custom to be adopted. The

That is the custom to be adopted. The oyah jar, however, in the fashionable woman's party, will be of filmsy white tulle or tissue paper, for porcelain fragments are apt to injure guests or furniture in the medern house. It is banded with ribbon, top and bottom, and the favors wrapped in cotton and tissue paper to give protection when they fail.

The scramble for "favors" will be after the manner of the Mexicans, and the whole affair will wind up with a cotilion and affair will wind up with a cotillon and

to use the same plan at a cotillon to be given in her spacious country place Christmas week. It is to form a feature in the dance, and will be named "Los Po-sados," as the Mexicans themselves call cant as the maker will give them to you.

Another hint to the wise.
ADELE M'ALLISTER.

A PAYING PROFESSION. by Hair-Dressing.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.) NEW YORK, December 8.-Some one told me yesterday that any number of clever, well-bred women were earning very respectable incomes by following

the profession of dressing hair.

At first blush, I could not believe it to be either lucrative or enduring as ed aboremanent employment, but investigation developed some interesting and valuable "fe information on the subject. It appears that these piri-patitic hair-dressers secure the patronage of a restricted number of ladies, and work them for their cliental only. They form season appears ments, and where a patron keeps her own personal maid, they visit her twice a week. The dressers' duties include shampooing the head, preserving the perfect condition of the hair. The work is neither tedious nor unrefluing, and many

six hours of each day regularly engaged by their customers. They carry about a small case, containing healthful tonics and fragrant washes, Of course, each lady keeps her individual combs and

The dresser spends an hour at each huuse, charging \$1.59 for a visit, So, busy women, therefore, who can put in (36) hours a week is able to command an

THOROUGH BRUSHING.

In discussing the details of her calling kept halr into the desired burnished condition that bespeaks care and not crimping irons. A rigorous adherence to this rule is as necessary for health in a woman's hair as the currycomb to the "Many of my friends," she continued,

employ me solely for that. I spend the whole hour scientifically brushing the Brushes are best when the pig bristles

are very short. This leaves less length to gather the dust. These hair-dressers never shampoo the

These hair-dressers tell me their work FANNY DART.

These hair-dressers tell me their work is the result only of experience. All inquire of the druggist as to good tonics.

These hair-dressers tell me their work of the exquisite ornaments that are sold with them. Every form of jewelled buckle is devised and of every price. Some of calls for a good bank account to start site qualifications, it seems a wise thing to urge that women who are seeking work But the nursery, at least, may be made jubilant at the Yuic-tide with a is little doubt that the experiment would

(Written for the Dispatch.) Eve heard the cutest piece of news, Dear little Cupid has the blues; His silver bow is all unstrung, His quiver arrowless is hung, His golden head in sad unrest, Droops low upon his rosy breast, And his ruby, quivering lip

What alls the hid? and Venus eries. The blushing Rose, her heart's delight, All palled fades in snowy white, And merry Zephyr, bilthesome th In sullen silence folds her wing, Mutters through the myrtle-bough,

Bacchus, reeling through the vines, Cries, "Cheer the boy with ruddy wines. Haste, Ganymede, all swift fill up "With vintage rare the golden cup, "So shall the child with vigor rise "And cleave again Olympic sides." "Nay-true love has no gross desire," Quoth Orpheus, "Til fetch my lyre "In melting strains l'il softly sing "And music for love's food will bring, "So shall he pure and strong arise "And proudly win a crowning prize."

All regal Venus calls with ire,
"Sure the boy has missed his aim,
"And hence his soul is filled with shame "Quick now inspect each shattered shaft,"
"Perchance they need thy skill and
craft."

on each she bends her eye's bright beam To find on none a tell-tale stream. "Oh! luckless lad, here lies thy grief. "Oh! luckless lad, here lies thy grief.
"But by my zone it shall be brief;
"Sure still in earth's fair, lovely realm
"Some gentle craft have truth at heim,
"And many hearts await to flow
"In tender tide with love's bright glow,
"And if my boy fails in his aim
"Tis frail humanity's deep shame
"That sordid lust of pemp and gold
"Now blunts his arrows keen of old."

"Let Hebe's sandalled feet now go "Fleet—white and fair as gleaming snow "With Thetis in her path of light "Seek hearts still worthy of his might."

Swift—sliver-footed Thetis glides
Where 'neath the myrtle-bough Love
hildes,
"Now rouse thee, boy—'tis idle thought
"All hearts are not in market bought.
"Yield not thy might to gold and pride,
"Cird still thy quiver to thy side,
"Some souls shall flush with Love's
pure glow.

pure glow,
"Bend once again thy silvery bow.
"Here, Hermes, bear him in thy might
"To yonder bower's rosy light,
"And turning to that casement white
"Set thou his arrows keen and bright;
"The bow make the state of the liberature. "The bow make taut with silken string "And with sure aim his provess bring.
"There bends a head in golden light
"Like Venus on Olympic height,
"Worthy to wear the wreath e'en now
"Poets award to lover's brow;
"And 'neath it dwells a heart whose calm. calm, "Like cadences of sacred Psalm,

"Insite the coming of love's King—
"'Gainst that his arrows let him bring.
"The Gods of Hellas in their might
"Can give his shaft no higher flight."

Keen-bright the arrow sped its way,
What heart it touched-now tell me
-N. O. D.

A young man had been more industrious than discreet in his applications for an appointment under one of the statistical branches of the government. The official to whom he was addressing his efforts was finally obliged to speak bluntly.

"It is impossible for me to do anything for you," he said. "In the first place, I don't know who you are."

"I am a descendant of Henjamin Franklin," was the reply. "Perhaps." he added, sarcastically, "you know who he was?"

"I do," the official rejoined. "And I respect him. He was the greatest lightning calculator that this country has ever produced."—Truth.

served that the newest watch-chatelaines were elaborately jewelled crowns. Mrs. John Jacob Astor wore one such studded with diamonds and rubles, and the effect on a dark gown was very pleasing. The jewellers are adopting this fancy of a fashionable leader, and crowns, therefore, are the preference of those who de

sire to have their time-piece en evidence. The crown is fashioned of slender gold The weman who had travelled is going wires, holding precious stones aloft. At its base is a swivel from which depends the tiny watch; and, bear in mind, that Of course, these increase from \$5 to \$19 in price for every hair breadth taken off their circumference, but it is always a more laborious feat to make a miniature

> ODD DEVICES. A dead gold crab, who seems to have affiliated with his cousin, the oyster, and come to the surface, his claws dripping with pearls, is another of the unique de with pearls, is another of the unique de-signs. A jeweled octopus who has suck-ed to him a great emerald sea-serpent, about whom he has artistically wound his "feelers," will be used to clutch the watch

the lapel of a woman's coat.

Not so expensive as these, but exquisite in dainty appropriateness, are the very new and the month chatelaines. These are shield-shaped and enamelled. The body is usually of Pompetian-red, with the zelfac signs of her birth-month with the zonac signs of reason its sur-face. These come from \$10 to \$15 and are considered the very correctest chatclaine

to wear,

However, should one wish to be distinctly smart after the fashion of these Pitth-avenue women, who know how to spend so much money in a quiet way, one will fasten to their smart tallor gcwn, not a jewelled pin, but a small black silk fob, not over two inches in length, with a duli gold slide. This caught great cha m.

Buckles remain the favorite ornament. For every conceivable part of feminine apparel are they constructed. A round dozen is not considered superfluous worn by a well-frocked woman. They nestle by a well-freeked woman. They nestle in the hat, dot the collar, confine the cuffs, outline the belt, until verily no knight of old possessed more when in full armor. They come for dinner-gowns in the form of winding. towels and half-moons of rhinestones For simpler use some new ones of con-ventional shape are inlaid with large block amethysts, some with Mexican oryx, other with moonstones. The stone. These will be placed especially on the broad moire belts, which are used as girdles for house bedices. Some young girls who are fond of me-

mentoes are getting brass sword hits from military admirers and wearing them in a polished condition, heavily monogramed. They are decidedly the most effective made for the stylish Norfolk jacket of cheviot. The round buckle has disappeared with the double bow knot chatelaine. Diamond shaped or square shields are getting a trile passe, being generally superseded by the oldmentoes are getting brass sword hilt being generally superseded by the old-fashioned long slide buckle. It is in this make one sees the elaborate, inexpensive stone work.

jewelry-shop window can be brightness that is attractive on light hair.

IT COSTS LITTLE TO LEARN.

These hate-dressers tell me their work

These hate-dressers tell me their work

French fashion.
Of rings there is little new to say.
The yellow diamond mounted with the white, the \$10,000 ruby for those who can afford, are all precisely as last season. A pretty deviation I noticed was in one setting. Three diamonds form the base of a fleur-de-lys, the long flower supplied by a dark stone, usually a sapphire. The setting extends nearly to the knuckle.

LUXURIOUS LOUNGING.

No End to the Beauty, Cost, and Variety of the New Sofa Pillows. (Correspondence of the Dispatch.) NEW YORK, December 8.-In every home there should be one room in whos furnishing comfort has been the chief alm, where the members of the family may do as they please without reference

to tides, thrown on beribboned furniture, and in such a room there will be a wide and springy couch with not more than three pillows. These will differ in size and softness, in order to be adoptable to and softness, in order to be adoptable to the shape of every one's head and shoulders; the smallest one to yielding to pressure that the person using it will be almost unconscious of its presence, while the other larger ones will serve as a support; perhaps the covers will be of China silk, fine chintz, blue-leans, or, possibly, they will be simple shps of brown linen. For the drawing-room you cannot have too many cushions. One sectety woman boasted recently of owning sixty, and she immediately became the object of ervy to every woman of her acquaint-ance. Frequently hundreds of dollars are represented in the pillows which one sees in every corner of an elegant home, in the wicker chairs, on the broad window. shall spring;
And proud sons of sizes of with renown.
Like fewels shall add to the thy name, God bless thre, Virginia, f

the wicker chairs, on the broad windov-sents, on the floor near the hearth, and pitel upon divans in Oriental profusion. VARY IN SIZE.

Seven is said to be the conventional number of cushions for an artistic divan. But they must vary as much as possible in shape, size, and coloring. Pilicws a yard square with a deep ruffle seem to be in general use and so are very fat ones whose four corners are pushed in and covered with rosettes. A sort of round belster at each end of a couch gives a good effect, particularly when covered good effect, particularly when covered with black satin which provides a sym-pathetic background for gayer cushions; the ends are finished with rosettes and often a wide satin ribbon is passed around the middle and tied in a large bow. A round cushion made of nineteen scraps of brick-red surah was exceedingly

scraps of brick-red surah was exceedingly pretty. The silk was fulled onto the plain bottom plece all the way around, and then was gathered into a big rosette in the centre of the top, the folds being so close together that the numerous seams were not visible.

One of the most beautiful cushions in New York belongs to the wife of a man whose purse is filled to overflowing with the receipts of a great express-company. the receipts of a great express-company. In looking over her wardrobe last autumn, she found an old crepe de chine dress, dotted with bow-knots, embroidered in white slik, and with an elaborate border worked in the same design. She took two breadths of the stuff to the associated artists, and had the white knots re-embroidered in duli blue, and outlined with gold. Blue, pink, and gold were put into the border, and then a large down cushion was covered on both sides with the crepe, the border having been arranged to go around the four sides of the square. A full ruffle of point of the square. A full ruffle of point d'esprit lace was added, and from an old gown a regal cushion had been made at a cost of not less than fitty dollars.

MATERIALS. Suitable materials for the covers of pillows are legion. Pieces of a last-number of the pillows are legion. Pieces of a last-number of the pillows are legion. Pieces of a last-number of the pillows are legion. Pieces of a last-number of the pillows are legion. Pieces of a last-number of the pillows are legion that the pillows are legion that the pillows are printed country of the printed cotton crepes, of odd silks, or of elaborately-embroidered Oriental scarfs, ranging from 25 cents a yard to any amount you may be willing to pay. A new material is chiffon, a ridged-cotton goods, woven of threads of different shades of the same color. It is thirty-six inches wide, and but 75 cents a yard, two and one half yards making the coverand ruffle for a large pillow. At several Suitable materials for the covers of

shops they are already made greens, dail pinks, and blues or Sofa-pillows need not necessar stuffed with elderdown. Many belows, you need not hesitat. A word here to the novice, changed feathers, may k

VIRGINIA'S GREAT SEAPORT

A Savannahlan's Impression and Its Harbor (Savannah (Ga) N

than a large portrait.

One of these small affairs has been fashioned by a leading jeweller to wear as a ring, the face not measuring more than a handsome solitaire. Its price is double that of an ordinary watch.

recently built by I'

the main:
And o'er their bri
and grace.
The jessamine cre

Thy rivers.

Speak proudly of though dead, We hall thee, we love

Thy warm posom cradled d

When fees marshalled Thy proud, word, THY NAM

Thy name is a pass-por Meaning all that is grand, and dear!
Thy daughters—ah, travel il ear grand,
Then tell me if jewels so tar

With a soul that was a defend;

teous grace.
Which indelibly mark Virgonian Which o'er thy dear bee of Shall be healed by our

Shall for and zeal
Shall firmly cling to the and
row or weal;
And smiling, bright flowers
worth worth
Shall give thee, Virginia, a state birth.
For from those old laure didst win.
Fresh chapiets and many.

sider children most into The Bachelor Friend 30. WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL MNE. M. YALE.



BALD HEADS COV For the first time in a